HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the hours meet us In the shadow or the slone. With the loy that comes to greet us, Or the care that waits in line.

One by one, and not in masses, The heavy burden we must lift, Bravely bear ng. till it passes From us, steadily and swift.

One by one the bricks are laid in building.

One by one, each day will bring its duty, whilst courage meets the single need, Till all trials blossom into beauty, Till the toiler weaves the good into the deed One by one, our heart-beats tell the story Of the carth-life measured here. Of its mystic web of golden glory, Wrought from sorrow's failing tear, Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

M. Oufle Masquerading as a Were-Wolf.

A cheerful man was M. Outle, Twho loved a jovial evening with friends, a glass of good wine, and a merry tale. A worthy man, too, was he-the most exemplary of husbands, and the most indulgent of fathers. But he had his weakness; and which of us has not? His weakness was weakness of intellect. In short, he was a very good, a very respectable, a very kind-hearted man, but also a very silly one. He regarded himself as a bit of a philosopher, and despised superstition; yet, for all that, he fidgeted if the saltcellar were upset, alarmed if the knife and fork were crossed, and he would positively refuse to make the thirteenth at dinner.

It was Carnival time, and M. Oufle It was Carnival time, and M. Onne invited all his own relations and his wife's relations to dinner. A pleasant evening they passed. They ate and they drank, and they talked and they sang. They ate till they were more than satisfied, drank till they were very merry, talked themselves dry, and sang themselves hoarse. Far be it from me to assert that any of the party had drunk more than he ought, but they had all grazed the line of moderation, and M. oufle, being naturally light-hearted, had become exceedingly "jolly." When the relations withdrew, the children went to bed, Madame Outle took her maid, and M. Ouffe, for the sake of a little exercise, trotted up and down his chamber, whistling a plaintive melody, and whistling it out of tune.

This gentleman's eldest son, who had the cital all his father, are in the control of the control of the cital all his father.

inherited all his father's amiable quali-ties, and his empty-headedness into the ties, and his empty-headedness into the bargain, had slipped off from the paternal house by the back door, as soon as the guests began to leave, in a masquerading dress, and had betaken himself, after the manner of scape-graces, to a bail. M. Oufle, having wearied of describing curves in his own recommends the dress and managements. room, opened the door and went up-stairs, a process attended by difficulties which would have proved insuperable but for the assistance of the banisters. Arrived on the landing. M. Oufle observed his son's door open, so he walked into the room, impelled by curiosity or by a desire for a little more conversation. The son was, however, just at that time dancing in the ball-room of a hotel two streets off.

M. Oufle, not finding the young man, sat himself down beside the bed, and began to overhaul the various masquerading dresses which his son had left out upon a chair. There was a neat suit of green and gold, intended as a forester's dress; there was a cos-tume of the time of François L. covered with spangles; and last, but not least, there was a bear-skin suit, so contrived that the wearer of it was covered with fur from head to foot, and looked precisely like a black bear escaped from a travel-ing caravan. M. Outle turned this dress over and over, and its originality his interest. He thought he should like to see whether it would fit his person. He therefore arrayed himself in the habit, and found that it suited to a T.

Just then the idea entered his head

that the opportunity of disabusing Madame Oufle of her superstitions had now presented itself. Madame Oufle was nearly as great a fool as her hus band, and that was saying a great deal. She was infected with the vulgar belief in witcheraft and demonology, and believed implicitly that warlocks could transform themselves into wild beasts for the purpose of devouring children.

for me to cradicate these baneful super-stitions from her mind. If she sees me in this dress, and takes me to be were-wolf, when I show her the decention she will never believe in the supernatural again."
Accordingly he walked to his wife's

door and listened. The servant was still with her mistress, so M. Oufle retreated down-stairs to the dining-room, intending to wait till his good lady was alone; and that he might know when the maid was dismissed, he left the door ajar. Then, taking up a book, he seated himself before the fire. The book happened to be Bodin's "Demonoand M. Oufle opened it at the chapter on Lycanthropy. He read on, and the tales of were-wolved floated in strange colors through his brain, till he fell asleep with his head on the table, and the book on his lap. And as he slumbered he dreamed of sorcerers being provided by the evil one with wolf-skins which they were condemned to wear for seven years, and of Lycaon sentenced by Jove to run about in bestial form, till a piercing shrick and a crash brought him with a

The ladies' maid, after having pinned her mistress' back hair in a heap, and fitted over it the night-cap, had left the chamber, and had come down-stairs. As she passed the dining-room, she saw that there was still a light in it, and thinking that the candles had not been extinguished, she entered precipi-

and screamed. But the shrick which testified to her fear frightened M. Oufle out of the few senses he did possess. He sprang up, bewildered with his dreams, confused with the fumes of wine, and alarmed at the suddenness of his reviel. Opposite him was a mirror. He forgot entirely

all the circumstances connected with the ass imption of the bear-skin, and with the last impression produced by Bodin and by his dream stamped upon his imagination conjured up all the horrors brain, he jumped to the conclusion that he was bewitched, and that he had and dancing in the midst of the flames. been transformed into a were-wolf. Full of this idea, he dashed past the terror-stricken maid; and his wife, who had rushed to the landing, saw a frightful monster bounding down-stairs, uttering howls sufficiently loud to awake the dead, heard it unlock the front door and burst into the street. There

upon she fainted away.

M. Oufle, impelled by terror, ran along the street yelling for assistance.
He was naurally provided with a deep but sonorous bass voice, but his voice sounded hollow and fearful through his hideous visor. A few terrified people appeared in their night-caps at the windows, only to run back to their beds and bury themselves beneath 'the lothes.

A watchman, who had started on his rounds, came upon him suddenly as he turned the corner, and, dropping his antern, beat a precipitate retreat.

In the adjoining street lived a fair damsel of considerable personal, but superior pecuniary, attraction, who was loved to distraction by a grocer's apprentice. The young man had made the lady's acquaintance as he served in the shop, and had breathed his love over the cheeses he sold. His addresses had been countenanced by the beloved one, but were discouraged by the parents, who had not permitted the devoted youth to set foot within their doors. The apprentice had no other means open to testifying his devotion, than by hiring a band of street musicians to perform at the rate of two francs an hour during the silent watches of the night, below the window of the adored. On the present occasion the band was performing the "Descent of Mars," when a discordant howl in their ears produced a sudden pause in their music not noted howl

in their score, and the apparition of a monstrous bear running into the midst of them upon its hind legs, with ears and stumpy tail cocked up. pro-duced such a panic among the sons of Orpheus, that they cast their instru-ments from them and took to their heels. Not so the grocer's apprentice. True love knows no fear. He flew to the door of his beloved, and cast him-self before it, determined to perish in er defence. But the monster, with-

A party of students from the Univer-A party of students from the University were that evening going their rounds, performing feats of heroism, of which they might boast among their companions. These feats were not attended with much dauger, and yet the schievement of them was an object of considerable ambition. They consisted simply in breaking lamps, and wrench-ing the knockers off doors. Some people might think that the smashing of a street lamp was an operation within the scope of the most infantine abilities; that the wrenching of a knocker from a door was neither a hazardous, nor a very heroic, act. But these people are entirely mistaken. The police occasionally interfere and capture one of those engaged in these acts; and if captured, it costs the student several francs to bribe the officer to let him escape. Consequent-ly, the ringing of a street bell at midnight is regarded by University men as an achievement equal to the prayest deed of a tried General, and the breaking off of a knocker is supposed to rankyery much on the leve lwith the proudest trophy of a blood-stained

On the night in question four valiant On the night in question four valiant collegians were engaged on the hazardous undertaking of screwing up the door of a worthy citizen, an act of consummate ingenuity and sublime originality. Suddenly a wild and uncarthly yell ringing through the hushed night, broke upon their ears. Instantly the four students paused and turned pale. In another moment they saw a diabolical object moving rapidly down the street towards them. The young men shrank against the wall, each endeavoring to get behind the other, and reversing the proverb of the weakest going to the wall, for in their struggle the ablest-bodied secured that position, whilst the feeblest was the to the other three. The approaching monster stood still for an instant, and they were able to observe him by the wan light of the crescent new moon, and the flickering oil lamp slung across the head of the street. A fearful ob-ject! In their terror the screwdrivers dropped from their fingers. The nois attracted the creature's attention, and it ran up the steps towards them, articulating words in a hoarse tone, which they, in their alarm, were unable to catch. Suffice it to say that the sight of this monster coming within arm's length was too much for their courage. With a shrick they burst courage. With a shrick they burst past it, tumbling over each other, and rolling down the doorsteps, picked lves up again and fled, palpitating, in four separate directions, calling for the police, imploring the aid of that august body which they had so long

set at defiance! What tales they related on the following morning to all the old ladies of their acquaintance, it is not for me to record. his sword, and vowed that he had snapped it in his fight with the demon another exhibited the bruises he had received in his fall, as evidence of the sperate character of the conflict; a third wore his arm in a sling as though and all agreed that the monster had fled from them, and not they from the

The police! "O, horrors!" thought M Oufle, "they have summoned the aid of the police. I shall be captured, be tried and sentenced, and burned at the

stake as a were-wolf." The fear of this urged him to retreat stealthily homewards, least any of the agents of justice should get sight of him and carry him away to trial. If he could but reach home he would im-plore his wife to stab him with a knife between the eyes, and draw some drops of blood, a sovereign cure for lycan-thropy. But poor M. Oufle's head was never very clear, and now it was in a thorough condition of bewilderment, so that he completely lost himself, and dead of night she stood, and saw before her a monstrous black bear fast asleep before the fire, snoring loadly, with its head on the table and its snout up in the sir, its hind paws upon the fender, a slik pocket-handkerchief over one knee, and a book on its lap. No wonder that she dropped her candle and screamed.

But the streets in a disconsolate manner, vainly searching for his own domicile. His bewilderment became greater with every step he took; and his confusion and alarm were not a little heightened by his stumbling over an elderly gentleman, and leaving him apparently dead of fright on the payement. It did not mend matter and his contaston and attarm were not a little heightened by his stumbling over an elderly gentleman, and leaving him apparently dead of fright on the pavement. It did not mend matters when, hearing a flacre driving by, he suddenly stepped towards it and asked the way of the driver—for the coachman jumped off his seat in a paroxysm of terror, and the horses, equally frightened, ran away with the carriage, whilst the people inside screamed through the windows

At last M. Oufle sat down on a doorstep and gave himself up to despair. The stake was before him, and his

All at once a familiar voice smote upon his ear—the voice of his eldest son. A ray of hope penetrated his breast. He rose from his seat and walked to meet his first-born. That young gentleman was returning from the masquerade ball at which he had been figuring. He had imbibed a considerable amount of wine before he left home, and he had absorbed a little more during the pauses in the dance. He was accordingly scarcely sober, and and as he returned, he sang or talked to himself at the top of his voice. But now he saw something which sobered him instantly. This was nothing else than his own masquerading habit of bear-skin, which he had left hanging over the back of a chair, walking deliberately towards him, as though the spirit of the departed Bruin had re-tenanted his forsaken skin, and was coming in the dead of night to demand a coming in the dead of night to define a reckoning with him who had dared to use it as a carnival habit. He stood and looked at it with pale face and staring eyes, whilst a shudder ran through his frame.

If it had been within the limits of physical possibility, he would have sunk into his shoes. When he heard his own name articulated in hollow tones from the muzzle, he turned heel, and fled like the wind. In vain did M. Oufle call after him; the louder he called, the faster fled the youth, and the distracted father was obliged to pursue his son. The race was run with the utmost speed by both parties. The young man was urged on by terror lest the skin should overtake him, and M. Oufle dreaded losing sight of his son, lest he should at the same time lose al' chance of reganing his home. When M. Oufle, le jeune, turned his white face over his shoulders, he saw the creature gaining on him, and heard its hollow calls. He dodged from street to street, but he invariably saw the bear-skin double the corner and rush after him, turn where he would. It was in vain for him to hope to throw it out, and at last he ran straight for home. This he had left by the garden. It was his custom to leave the house by the back door, and clamber over the garden rails, whenever he went out on his night expeditions, and out perceiving him, ran on repeating now he made for the garden, hoping its dolorous howls. the door and lock it before the skin could overtake him.

> difficult and delicate matter to surmount them with the time at his disposal but now that it was to be accomplished in no time at all, it was hazardous in the extreme. M. Oufle, junior, had reached the top, and was preparing to jump down, when a furry paw grasped his ankle and held him as though in a vice, for the monster proceeded to climb the railings, holding on to his leg. The poor youth endeavored to break away; he writhed and strained to be free. Holding the iron bars with his hands, he vociferated loudly for help. The creature reached the top; and clasped him round the waist, whilst the hideous snout was poked close to his ear over his shoulder. Boih leaped together, and were brought up with a jerk. The rails were topped with sharp dart-heads, and one of these caught in the hide, so that M. Oufle

He reached the railings. It was a

and his son were suspended from it in mid air, the latter in the arms of his father. Both cried together for assist-ance; the young man louder than ever his captor in his ear. Lights appeared in the lower apartments at the back of the house, and presently the garden door was opened by a troop of terrified male and female servants, provided with blunderbusses, swords, and pistols. In the rear appeared Madame Oufle, half dressed, but with her night-cap on her head. The young man called to his mother, and the moment she saw the hope of the

family dangling in the grasp of the monster, she fainted away again. There was an old man, a servant of the house, who claimed and exercise supreme authority in the household. He came forward with a pistol in each hand, and the youth cried out to him to shoot the creature through the head. In vain did M. Oufle shout to him to desist. His words were lost in the mask, and he would undoubtedly have received a couple of bullets through his head, had not the buttons of the dress just then given way with a burst, and slipped M. Oufle in a heap upon and slipped M. Ousle in a heap upon the ground, leaving the habit torn and

dangling on the spike of the rails.
"Thank goodness!" exclaimed M Oufle, sitting up; "the spell is off me!"
"My father!" cried the flower of the family "My husband!" ejaculated the lady,

recovering from her fainting fit.
"My Master!" exclaimed the grayhaired servant.

"Let us embrace all round," said M. Oufle.—Dr. John H. Coutts, in Ballou's Magizine.

A GERMAN TREASURY.

The System Adopted for the Examination of Julius Tower at Spandau.

The inspection of the Julius Tower at Spandau, near Berlin, in which 120,000,000 marks of the indemnity paid by France are kept ready for any emergency, takes place in the following way: Two members of the national debt sinking fund committee are delegated for the purpose, but the castle can only be opened when they put their little keys into the lock together. In no other way is the lock to be opened. As to the time of opening, a careful note is to be made in the register. The 120,000,000 are divided into twelve parts, each again being di-vided into ten equal sums. The money is kept in immense bags of 100,000 marks, of which two-thirds are in 20-mark and the rest in 10-mark pieces. As soon as the revision begins one of the larger divisions of money is ap-proached, and from it a smaller division proached, and from it a smaller division is taken for the purpose of bein counted through. For this work military detachment is told off, so that it may be done in moderate time. Two or three of the 100,000-mark divisions having been counted, this part of the revision is over. There are also here other imperial funds—as, for example, portions of the Reichstag, fortification, and retired-list funds—and these, too, have to be counted. When the revision is over a document is signed by two revisors, the two keys lock the door simultaneously, and the proceeding is over.—Cor. Chicago Shoe and Leather

-The New York Evening Post say one of the most striking changes in hygiene during the past century is the greatly-increased consideration giver to sleep as a preserver of health and prolonger of life.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NURSERY RHYMES.

That's the way the ladios ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace,
Pacing grouly into town,
To ony a bonner and a gown:
Pacing up the narrow street,
Smillur at the folks they meet—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace.

Trot, trot, trot!—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot!
Riding after fox and hound,
Leaping o'er the mostow's bound.
Trotting through the woods in spring
Where the little wild birds sing—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot!

Rock, rock, rock—
That's the way the sailors ride.
Rock and reel from side to side—
Rock Rock, rock.
Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas,
Tossing in a Northern breeze:
Thinks that he must veer and tack,
When he mounts a horse's back;
Rocking cast and rocking west,
Jack Tar rides, dressed in his best—
Rock, rock, rock.

Sleep, sleept sleep—
That's the way boy Ned will ride,
Floating on the Slumber tide—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Out upon the drowsy sea,
Where the sweet dream-blossoms be,
Far away to Sleepy lales,
Sails boy Ned, "Good night," he smiles;
Sinking down in pillows deep,
Little Ned is fast asleep.
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
—Annie M. Libby, in Good Housekceping.

CYRUS AND LESLIE.

A Nice Enough Boy "When There Ain't Fumpkins to Plant and the Barn Don't Ketch Fire."

"I wish," said Grandma Peaseley to her husband one evening, "that there wasn't such a difference between Esther's Cyrus and Susan's Leslie."

"Yes," said grandpa, rubbing his stubby chin, "Leslie & better lookin" than Cyrus."

"I feel sort o' guilty," went on grandma, "because I've always been kind o' partial—I didn't mean to show it—to Leslie. 'Twouldn't make much difference if Cyrus wasn't hurt by it. But to-day, says he, 'Uncle Robert's given Leslie new skates.' 'That's nice, says I. 'Ye-es,' says he; 'I'm glad he's got 'em.' Then he kept still a minute, 'n' then he burst out, sad enough: Why is it, grandma, that Leslie has every thin', 'n' I don't? Does God love him better'n He does me?' That scared me. 'Mercy, no.' says I, 'n' I kissed his peaked, little, saller face. 'Fo!ks have different gifts,' says I. 'May be when you get to be a man, Leslie won't have any better times than you do. God gives us the chance to make our happiness some way or other. If we don't get it, it's our own fault, I believe.' He seemed to understand that right off. I'm in hones it was the right word.

hopes it was the right word for him."
"I'm glad," said grandpa, heartily, "Leslie steps off so prompt and answers so keen, that he 'takes.' But I got an insight into Leslie last punkin'-plantin' time. I told the boys that I'd give each of 'em a j'inted fish-pole it they'd seed out the punkins. Then I told 'em how to go to work. They mustn't put more'n four seeds to a hill, and they must go down just such rows. After a while I sort o' sa'ntered down to see how they were gettin' on.
'Leslie's all through, long ago,' Cyrus
says. 'Smart, ain't he?' says I. 'Yes,
sir,' says Cyrus, never lettin' on but what he really thought so. 'What hills did he seed?' says I. Cyrus told, and I began to investigate. There the seeds were at the beginnin', thicker'n puddin' in every hill, and then they petered out

to none at all. That was one time Cyrus got somethin' Leslie didnt---for I didn't give Leslie any fish-pole."
"I remember that," said grandma, "and it was only boy-like, after all." "Ye-es," responded grandpa; "only

The Peckhams' farm lay beside that of Mr. Weatherly, Leslie's father. Mrs. Susan Weatherly was Mrs. Peckham's sister, and their houses lay less than an eighth of a mile apart. Mr. Weatherly and Mr. Peckham had built their barns just about half-way between their two ouses, and close against each otherjust alike, and warmer and better in many respects for being built side by though they were a long distance from the house, the boys used to think

in winter.

It was the day after Grandpa and Grandma Peaseley had held this conversation that Cyrus and Leslie, who were thirteen and fourteen years old, respectively, were out in the barns doing the evening "chores." Leslie had finished first, as he usually did, and had come in to gossip a little with Cyrus. It was about five o'clock, and dim in the barn, so Cyrus had lighted the lantern and set it on the

corn-sheller near by.
"Why, there's Bounce!" exclaimed Leslie, as a great black dog came jumping in. "Well, old fellow, how are you?" He began to frolic wildly with the huge dog.

Cyrus' back was turned, and he did

not see Bounce spring up to the top of the corn-sheller. He did not see the lantern sway and totter-but he did

broken. There was a pile of hay close by. The barn was on fire. The color left Cyrus' "little, peaked, saller" face, but his eyes shone like low-worms on a summer night. somehow, a verse came into his mind about "instant in business." He must

be "instant" now.

Like a flash he remembered that he Like a flash he remembered that he had heard animals would run into fire. "Then," he thought, "we can not save the stock unless they are taken out before they see the blaze."

"I think I can put this out," he cried, hoarsely. "Get out the horses, though, Les, for fear I shouldn't! Hurry."

Hurry."

He rushed for a pail and water, of which there was fortunately a large cistern near, and when he returned Losite had vanished.

Leslie had vanished.
"The horses will be saved, thank goodness!" he said to himself.
When he brought the third pailful he found that he could not reach one trail of flame which was creeping up to the great mow. If the fire got into that, there would be no hope. He gave an awful groan as he threw the water as high as he could, and found that it did not reach to the top of the hissing little flame.

Just as he gave the moan of despair, man came rushing in. Cyrus had often seen him, and knew his name was Johns.

"Oh, put it out!" he screamed, pointing to the trail of fire.

"The tall, kind-faced man snatched the bucket, and in a few seconds the

last vestige of the conflagration was

"Thank you," cried Cyrus, as he wrong the man's hand. "I thought that it was all gone—Uncle Weather-ly's barn and ours, But Leslie had

that it was all gone—Uncle weatherly's barn and ours. But Leslie had
saved the horses."

Mr. Johns laughed, grimly.

"If you mean that red-cheeked boy
of Weatherly's—your cousin. I s'poso
he is—he's gettin' out queer horses."

Mr. Johns stopped to laugh again.

"He was taking out armfuls of hay
when I saw him, and layin' 'em on the
snow. That's how I happened to come
in. 'What's up?' says I, reinin' in.

'Firel firel' he squeaks out, ''n' I'm
a-savin' my father's hay.'"

Even Cyrus began to laugh spasmodically now, and good Mr. Johns took
hold of his trembling shoulder kindly.

"I'll take you over to the house," he
said. "You ain't fit to walk; you're
braver than all-get-out, though. You've
spilled a sight o' water round here for
such a little fellow."

"I've got to feed old Whitey," stammered Cyrus, who had turned at first

mered Cyrus, who had turned at first to go, and then remembered that his work had not been quite finished when Bounce tipped over the lantern. He had been somewhat confused by these

unaccustomed praises.
"All right," said Mr. Johns, approvingly. "I'll go over and stop the other youngsters befor he gets all his fath-er's hay outdoors."

er's hay outdoors."

Chuckling to himself, he went in search of Leslie. That young gentleman was still madly rushing around on the head. the other side of the premises. He had taken out not only a good deal of hay but some old hats and a pile of cornears. He was now tugging at the mowing-macnine, which he was fortunately unable to stir.

Mr. Johns leaned against a manger

Mr. Johns leaned against a manger and laughed till he ached.

"The fire's out, youngster," he said at last. "Jump into my sleigh and ride home. But first we'll take your cousin to his place. He's tired. He's been doin' somethin' worth while; would 'a' had the fire put out all himself in five minutes if I hadn't come."

Grandpa Peaseley happened to be stopping a moment at "Esther's" when Mr. Johns drove up with the two boys.

Mr. Peckham heard the story with some stern looks and a laugh at the end.

"Well, boys," he said, afterthanking "Well, boys," he said, after thanking Mr. Johns heartily and bidding him good-night, "the moral of this affair is, never to have Bounce and a lighted lantern in the barn at the same time." "That's the moral he drew," said Grandpa Peaseley, as he was telling grandma the story later; "but I drew another one, too, and I guess they all did. I hope Susan's folks drew the did. I hope Susan's folks drew the same. Cyrus hasn't been looked at just right. He's a mortal homely little fellow. Anybody'd have said that Leslie, who looks so sort o' brave and manly, would have put out the fire instead of Cyrus. But he didn't," pursued grandpa, emphatically. "He flew around, from all I can gather, like a hen with her head cut off, and we hen with her head cut off, and we ought to remember that tisn't looks we're to judge by. It says in Scripture: One star differeth from another starin glory.' I believe we've all got a glory; sometimes it's in our faces, and again sometimes it's in our faces, and again it's in our minds, and again it's in our hearts. We sort o' give the most praise to the glory that shows outside, and children feel it. We shouldn't do it, now. Red checks and a right spirit don't always go together."

"But Leslie's a nice boy," pleaded granding.

grandma. "Nice enough when there ain't punkins to plant and the barn don't ketch fire," said grandpa, shrewdly.—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, in Christian Union.

STYLISH COSTUMES.

erican Designs Said to Surpass Im-ported Models in Elegance. Quite as stylish as costumes after imported models are some entirely American conceits. One specially elegant is brocaded grenadine and brocaded and plain silk. The skirt is round and four-gored, made to admit the braided wire bustle. This skirt is of plain silk, trimmed at the lower edge with a deep side-plaiting of silk, headed by a full silken ruche. The overskirt unites a deep, broad panel of brocaded silk, with a much wrinkled tablier of velvet brocaded grenadine, the panel being at the left side and falling not quite to the edge of the skirt. The tablier is oval in outline and is handsomely ornamented by a group of plaits in its front edge, which is very much shorter than the hemmed front edge of the panel, by which it is overlapped. The tablier is trimmed with a frill of deep lace, and rosette bows of ribbon are fastened The back drapery is arranged very high at the right side by a group of deep plaits and falls even with the panel at the left side, where a single panel at the left side, where a single plait near the belt makes the draping. A cross-strap and loopings near the top render the draping very bouffant. The basque of plain silk is double-pointed in front and has a plaited full-ness at the back. Upon the fronts are fancifully shaped lapels and standing collar of brocade; coat-sleeves with cuffs to match collar.

lantern sway and totter—but he did hear the crash of glass and then a scream of horror from Leslie, as Bounce dashed past them and outhor doors. Then Cyrus understood that the lantern had tipped over and broken. There was a pile of hay close booken. There was a pile of hay close loops starts from under a rosette of loops starts from under a rosette of and has tab fronts. A jabot of ribbon loops starts from under a rosette of ribbon at the throat and terminates in long loops and ends below the plaits, and the standing collar is covered with a ruche of lace. A jabot of lace passes down the back edges of the center fronts and is also continued about the edges of the tabs, from which also passementerie drop ornaments depend with pretty effect. A ruffle of lace tipped with jet pendant ornaments trims the lower edge of the shorter portions. The pretty bonnet is made of lace and ribbon and is finished with jet ornaments in the center of lace settes. This costume is entirely black, but it may be most effectively reproduced in colored fabrics of the same kind, or less expensive materials may be used, such as etamine, with dentelle or plain and brocaded woolens. or it may be copied in some of the pretty cotton novelties and worn with a straw hat, trimmed with ribbon, lace and bunch of wild flowers.—Philadelphia Times.

The Waynesboro (Ga.) Citizen says that a young lady of that city has a canary-bird which lost its voice a year ago and did not warble a note until a week ago, when it suddenly burst out in one of its brain-wracking trills. The singular feature of the bird's loss of voice is that it occurred immediately after the death of its mate.

anatched —A single hair will support the

FOR SUNDAY READING.

AN ENDLESS LIFE

Suggested by the sight of a little girl plant ing flowers on her mother's grave in a coun-try church-yard. try church-yard.

Sweet child: of golden hair and azure eyes,
Why art thou here alone among the dead.

This May-day morn, while from the genis
Skies.

The sun so brightly beams, and overhead.

The meadow lark sings merrily, and bees.
In all the joyousness of spring are round.

Biggard at orchard blossoin jubliess,
Or kissing wild-wood flowers that blood
around?

How can a piace like this have charms for How can a place like this have charms of one
So young in years, whose meek angelic face
Speaks almost Hoavenly innocence? Upon Tby guileless heart has sorrow made its trace?
Has Death, with his relentless ley hand, Concealed a treasure from thy vision here?
Ah! yes, this marble tells: I understand without a word the secret of that tear.

We buried mother here, and I have come To plant these flowers on her grave, the May tell me, as she said, how bright the home is where she lives with angels, far away! We loved her so—she taught us how to pray—And said if Willie, Pa and I were good, That Jesus on the Resurrection Day Would take us all up with Him is a cloud."

The lips that spoke these simple words were And quivering with a love which can not die.

But faith that would illumine death's dark

wate
Was radiant in the little speaker's eye.
No fact in all of matter's wide domain
Could to her outward gaze more certain be
Than inward consciousness that death is To those who live for immortality.

Ohl teachers of the dark Agnostic school, Who would destroy this little maid's lief,

lief.
And measure life by your material rule,
What sweetness bring ye for her oup of
grief?
For all she knows ye substitute "unknown."
For angel songs a slience worse than death,
And, floweriess, ye would have her stand Above this grave and say: "Life is but breath."

Can that be true which links the soul of man In final destiny with brute or clod, Gives life no inspiration and no plan, And leaves us orphaned from a living God? Forever be this cruel creed "unknown" To those who comfort find in faith and prayer,
For all who hold it are compelled to own
Their "truth" begets a midnight of de spair,

The largeness of our capabilities,
The conscious mind's wice ranges The conscious mind's wice ranges while water, sleep,
Our love of peering into mysteries
Which to us all are as the Godhead deep;
The loud protesting of our better part
Against the termination of our love.
The sorrows and the longings of the heart,
All speak an endiess life for man above.

—Rec. James Stephenson, in N. Y. Observer.

OTHERS' SINS

Which Should Serve as Beaco

Lights of Warning. Korah's rebellion, in the time of Moses and Aaron, ended disastrously to the leaders thereof, but instructively to all who escaped from the catastrophe in which the chief actors were involved. Immediately following the terrible destruction of the prime conspirators orders were given to take the fatal censers which the smitten intruders at the altar had used in their unlawful burning of incense, and convert them into an additional protection of the altar from its exposure to the fire continually burning upon it; the significant com-mand being: 'The censers of these sinners against their own souls, let them make them broad plates for a covering of the altar." Those who impiously had to do with these implements of worship were "sinners against their own souls," and they

against their own souls," and they were to be made examples of the consequences of sinning against the Lord; the utensils employed by them being consigned to a use whereby they might be admonitory as to the peril of incurring the Divine displeasure.

Unquestionably, the sins of others should serve as beacon-lights to warn voyagers on life's rough sea of the places of danger to which they are exposed. Exceedingly presuming is that vessel which ventures where others have been wrecked. Not less presumptuous is it to indulge in those sins which have ruined thousands and sing which have rained thousands sins which have ruined thousands and millions. Daniel, in reminding Belshazzar of his 'father's evil doing, charges upon him his own aggravated guilt, saying: "And thou, O Belshazzar his son, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knowest all this." It was his condemnation that he knew his father's sins, and continued in them, unprofited by the lessons of warning which they taught. As any of all who are liable to err know the errors of others, they should see to it that they do not fall in the same pitfalls wherein many have perished. An inspired apostle, in speaking of the transgres-sions and plagues of Israel, says: "These things happened unto them for examples; and they are written for our admonition." What they suffered as wrong doers should be greatly influential in hindering all who are their successors in the humble family from transgressing as they transgressed, or otherwise. The admonitory language of the sins of others is: "Let him that binketh he standeth, take heed lest he

Has a fellow traveler in the journey of life fallen by the side of his compan-ions, they should not fall to be warned by the fall to keep clear of all the caus-es of falling, whether the fallen one fell as the votary of avarice or appetite, fashion or plensure, ambition or pride, selfishness or crime. They should not regard with indifference the should not regard with indifference the melancholy fate of any associated with them in the ways of life, but the loss sustained by others should be their gain. Has one been ruined by bad associations, or another by expensive habits, or another by sensual gratifications, or another by dishonest practices, or another by intoxicating beverages, or another by irreligious influences, or another by skeptical views; each and every fall, whatever may be the direct or indirect cause, should be a warning such as shall deter others from entering the same paths of the destroyer. All who have eyes to see should look upon the victims of idleness, dissoluteness, dishonesty, irreligiousness, and tremble lest the downward career and the deplorable end of such be theirs. Thinking of inmates of prisons, and those who congregate in dens of infamy and shame, as well as those who wallow in gutters and rot in drunkards' graves, they should be admonished to turn away from all that may lead to a worse than Korah's doom.

The leading cause of Korah's trayical melancholy fate of any associated with

doom.

The leading cause of Korah's tragical end seems to have involved envy, jeal-ousy, ambition and discontent. As the cousin of Moses and Aaron, he looked cousin of Moses and Aaron, he looked with an evil eye upon the honors and privileges which they enjoyed by Divine appointment, being unreconciled to their pre-eminence, and craving equality with them in those respects wherein there was a difference. Giving place to these bitter feelings of rivalry, they so gamed the mastery of him that he organized that fatal conspiracy which was to him as Haman's gallows. Let all that savors of an envious or dis-

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

The Difference Between the Human and the Divine Way—How True Liberty and Enduring Strength Are Obtained. The ideal life, as most men and women think of it, would be one utterwomen think of it, would be one utterly free from all claims upon its time and resources which would check its movement, dwarf its growth or impede its swift and orderly progress. Most of the rebellion against our circumstances arises from the feeling we have that they restrict, limit and narrow us; we should like to be set free, and we fancy that if no responsibilities or duties were imposed upon us other or daties were imposed upon us other than those we choose for ourselves we should move swiftly and irresistibly forward, accomplishing all our aims and turning all our dreams into facts. But the Divine way of attaining free-dom is very different from the human way, as we all learn sooner or later. There is no truth which men and women accept so slowly and with so much pain of heart and mind as the truth that freedom comes through pa-tience, and that our life gets its richtience, and that our life gets its richness and strength, not by working itself out according to our plans, but by submitting itself to the direction of another. Every one of us has some little structure which he would like to complete for himself, laying the foundations, building the walls, spreading the roof, and adorning it without and within accoording to his own design. But God sets us at work upon an edifice so vast that our work upon it is only a small detail, and we are such inferior artists that we would prefer to be the architects of we would prefer to be the architects of the small design rather than the build-ers of the great temple. There is not one of us upon whom some kind of re-striction is not laid; not one of us one of us upon whom some kind of restriction is not laid; not one of us whose free, spontaneous movement of life is not cheeked by the weakness of some other whose work we have to add to our own. While we are doing the work of the day with all our might and with entire success, some one elsenear to us falls out by inefficiency, or by positive evil of nature, and we are obliged to stop and add his load to our own. Instead of doing the thing we would like, which would bring completeness to our life in our eyes, we must pick up a wearlsome burden that has no inspiration in it, and carry it with a constant sense of loss. Many a woman's life would be far richer in her external activities and opportunities if she were not taking upon her own shoulders the deficiencies and weaknesses of others; many a man would have larger education, finer social surnesses of others; many a man would have larger education, finer social surroundings, a sweeter life, if it were not for the responsibilities he assumes for those who are unable or unwilling to meet their own responsibilities. There are times when the best nature revolts against this; and yet it is precisely through this discipline that men and women are molded into nobler stature of spiritual growth; it is by patient submission to restriction, by cheerful bearing of the burdens of others, by uncomplaining acceptance of conditions imposed upon us by the weaknesses and sins of those that we love, that the truest liberty and the most ennesses and sins of those that we love, that the truest liberty and the most enduring strength are won. Christ's life, was the very opposite of that which, from any human conception, a Divine nature would seek for itself; and yet it is plain that its highest divinity lay in its cheerful surrender to the hardness and barrenness of human conditions. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and He saved his life hy

WASTED LIVES.

losing it. - Christian Union.

to minister, and He saved his life by

Grasping Much and Fet Missing the Ones Great Essential—A Life Feeding upon

In reading the private journal of a noted Frenchman who died but a short time ago, we were more than ever impressed with the fact that there are only write "they are wasted." There are not many who write out their struggles, their hopes, and fears, and doubts, their searching after the infinite as Amiel did, and yet the fact that, they have not found God, and have not left the world any better, is evidence that they have not accomplished any thing of value to the race. There any thing of value to the race. There are multitudes of such men, men of genius whose minds range the whole field of science, and yet, though they searched through the universe, have wandered smong the stars, and have made themselves acquainted with nearly sill the forces of nature, they have not found God; and in devoting their time to speculation they have missed not only God, but the true aim of life. Instead of laboring for the race they lived above it and away from it, and it has received neither the impress of their thought nor the inspiration of their love and charity. There are men who at the hour of death can not lay their finger upon a single act that had in finger upon a single act that had in view the welfare of others. They can not point to a single line written, or word spoken, that was calculated to make any one better. Selfishness pervaded every thing they said or did. It is sad to read of such men, and yet they exist, they die, and are soon for-gotten by the world. The journal of Amiel fills one with wonder, and at Amiel fills one with wonder, and at the same time pity that so gifted a mind could have grasped so much and yet missed the essential, that it could have done so much and yet have been so aimless. His life is the history of others repeated over and over again. His doubts led him step by step into the negative philosophy. First the Gospel was rejected, then Divine providence was denied, and finally a personal God and the immortality of the soul were east overboard to make his craft float more aprightly, but he sailed into the harbor of death with his own soul lost. Among his last words sailed into the harbor of death with his own soul lost. Among his last words are these: "Specter of my own conscience, ghost of my own torment, image of the ceaseless struggle of the soil which has not yet found its true allment, its peace, its faith, art thou not the typical example of a life which feeds upon itself because it has not found its God, and which, in its wanering flight across the worlds, carries within it, like a comet, an inextinguishable flame of desire and the agony of incurable disillusion?"—N. W. Christian Advocate.

—An every-day religion—one that loves the duties of our common walks, one that makes an honest man, one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject, one that works in all weather and improves all opportunities—will best and most hearily promote the growth of a church and the power of the Gospel.—Enshnelt.

There is no part of a man's nature which the Gospal does not purify, as relation of his life which it does not hallow.—Hare,